The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 26, 1918, was 145,606, an increase of 15,856 over the previous week.

FOUR YEARS

Four years ago today the gray army of Germany advanced to the threshold of Belgium.

It was Der Tag—the day, the planned-for, longed-for day when the good German sword was to be drawn from its scabbard and, in one swift, terrible campaign, carve out of Europe a German Empire.

At the threshold, the German rulers asked free passage over a territory which, by all the most solemn covenants known to nations, they had promised not to enter in time of war. Belgium refused, and the gray army trampled it under foot.

The next day—the third of August—Germany declared war on France, and on the fourth, after a pause while the watching world held its breath in an agony of suspense, England drew her sword.

By her initial act of faithlessness Germany stood morally bankrupt before the peoples of the earth. To men of vision it was then and there apparent that from that hour she could not be treated with man to man, that, because her word was worthless, she must be beaten, beaten, till she could do no further harm.

That, through the four bitter years which have followed, has been the silent, all-controlling, inexorable fact of the war. It was summed up with the finality of doom last August when America said to the Pope: "We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure."

Four years. Four years of blood and incommunicable woe, four years of such sacrifice and courage as have renewed the world's faith in the spirit of man. As the anniversary approached, the Kaiser mounted a watchtower in Champagne to see with his own eyes the launching of the last German offensive, the drive that he promised his people should end the war. When the anniversary came, he had seen the offensive begin, falter, fail, shrivel and turn into an historic disaster.

He had seen, in the scarred valley of the Marne, the beginning of the end.

SHIPYARD ATHLETIC PATRIOTS

Shipyard work is a great institution at all times. So is baseball—in the Army. But when hundreds of husky, alert, able-bodied professional ball players begin to scuttle from the diamond into shipyard work to escape the draft, the time is ripe for a lusty roar.

With thousands of their countrymen charging machine guns, working under shell-fire or grinding away back of the lines, it seems beyond belief that any well trained athlete, fit for service, should be guilty of such yellow-hearted cowardice, traitors to their country's good, and worse than traitors to their own souls. The printed records stand as proof.

If these men can't be yanked into service, they should be stopped from continuing their old profession on Saturdays and Sunday. Their ostracism should be complete.

And Ty Cobb says he is "thinking of enlisting later on." Later on? Suppose every American had decided to make it "later on?"

IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

"The bombardment will be terrific; you will bear up under it without weakening."

Sans faiblir—without weakening—those were the exact words of General Gouraud's order "to the French and American troops of the Fourth Army" on the eve of the German offensive - an offensive concerning which the Allied command knew about everything there was to know.

It's a great life—especially when you help to turn that offensive into a mighty boomerang, back the enemy across a river and several miles of country, and get a look at his heels.

It's a great life when you count your prisoners by thousands, your captured guns by hundreds, and get so far ahead of your commissary that you go along on wind for a few days, and go pretty well at that.

If you don't weaken it *is* a great life. If you do—well, you get licked. The old Army philosopher had the right dope.

THE ONES WHO KNOW

It was announced on July 4 in Washington that a million American soldiers had sailed for France. It was announced in the House of Commons last week that they were still coming, that they were coming faster than ever, coming at a rate of 300,000 a month, 200,00 in British ships, 100,000 in American ships. You can do your own figuring.

The German people do not believe this. Within the last fortnight or so, their newspapers have ladled out comforting assurances that the figures were grossly exaggerated, that the Americans had only one constituted division at the front, with the remainder of their forces sprinkled through the provinces of France to make a show.

It does not matter what the German people believe. They believe that Belgium flew treacherously at Germany's unprotected throat. They believe the war was started by England. Or by France. Or by Russia. It all depends on what official explanation is the fashion at the moment. They believe that William Hohenzollern of Potsdam is the greatest man since Jesus Christ.

But, after all, it does not matter what the German people believe. For the German army knows.

YANKS IT IS

Nicknames are not manufactured. When they are, the "nick" doesn't stick. Ten thousand of the world's greatest thinkers working ten hours a day for ten years couldn't plaster a nickname on the American Army that would stick ten minutes.

For the American Army has already received its nickname over here that nothing can shake loose. That nickname is Yanks. Nothing more, nothing less, nothing else.

It wasn't manufactured for the American Army, it wasn't carefully thought out by any pre-arranged mental drive. It was just the nickname every one over here took for granted.

Yanks, as applied over here, has lost its old American turn. It no longer means a soldier of the North. It means a soldier from the United States, North, South, East or West, so long as he wears the khaki of Uncle Sam and battles or works under the old flag. It means Dixie and Yankee Doodle rolled into one. It is the symbol of a united country pointing in mass formation towards the Rhine and on beyond. It means that 1861 to 1865 is forgotten, demolished, blotted out against the mighty epoch of 1917—to a finish.

"Sammy" was a joke, and a painful one. "Buddy" failed to land. The others hit the soapy chute with equal eclat. One nickname alone has withstood the shell fire of discussion. It is Yanks—Yanks, representing North and South, East and West, anything wholly American.

You can't manufacture a nickname in a century, but one can be hooked to you in a day. Yanks it is.

SIX MONTHS OLD

With the current issue, THE STARS AND STRIPES sews on its first service chevron. For six months it has been on duty with the A.E.F. in France.

From its first issue of less than 30,000 copies to its present issue of 170,000, it has proceeded in its rather dizzy job of trying to keep pace with the avalanche known as the A.E.F.

We are proud to be able to say that some of the finest things it has printed—including the finest thing of all—were written not by any member of its staff, but were sent in from the field.

The more that the bunch on our far flung battle line realizes that the paper is for them to read, for them to criticize, for them to *write*, that it means to be and will be just what they want it to be, more and more will it grow in grace with each additional chevron. More and more faithfully will its file serve as a chronicle of the comedy and tragedy of the greatest expedition since the world began.

"COLONELIFEROUS"

When William Allen White wrote the biography of Colonel William Rockhill Nelson of Kansas City fame, he was at a loss to account for the colonel's title, inasmuch as his subject had never been connected with a military establishment nor had even been on a governor's staff. Finally, Mr. White concluded that he was called colonel simply because he was "just naturally colonelliferous."

As we look over our letters and papers from home it strikes us that there are going to be a lot of colonelliferous people at large after the war; not only colonelliferous, but majorical, captainic and lieutenantish.

There seem to be, both at home and abroad, so many organizations outside the Army—the Reserve Auxiliary Police Forces, the Home Guards, the Junior Reserves, to mention only a few—having the bestowing of military titles as one of their most important functions that it will not surprise us at all, on our return, to find every male citizen over the age of 31 boasting a sobriquet that denotes some form or another commissioned rank.

"Good morning, Colonel." "How'do, Major?" "Ah, there, Cap'n." Thus it will go, all up and down the main street of our home town. And how proud and novel and singular and noteworthy and everything the average one of us will feel to be pointed out as the only real private in the place!

TO WIN THE WAR

Ships, we are told, will win the war. And so will food.

But if we merely lie back on those two more or less abstract propositions—abstract so far as the man in the line is concerned when he hasn't seen any water save the drops on the mouth of his canteen or tasted any food save iron rations for a week—we are passing the biggest buck in all history.

We are passing it in particular to Mr. Schwab and Mr. Hoover, and in general to the whole American people.

Ships and food will win the war—ships by bringing armies and the things armies need, food by filling the stomachs of armies and peoples. Revolution in Germany, starvation in Austria, disaffection in Bulgaria, rebellion in Turkey, a renascent Russia—all of these things may come to pass, any of these things might let fall the keystone out of the arch of the Hohenzollern power.

But to bring about any one of them, there is just one thing to do—just one way to win the war. That way is to defeat the German armies—all of them that the Kaiser can put into the field.

The Army's Poets

THE MAN

Here today in the sunshine I saw a soldier go
Out of Life's heated battle into the evening glow.
He was just a common soldier, one of a mighty clan.
But every watcher bared his head in honor to the Man.
We stood there at attention, and the flag-draped coffin came,
And we snapped up to salue him, though we never knew his name.
He was just a common soldier, but we couldn't salute as well
The best old major-general on this bright side o' hell!
H.T.S.

THE ARMY TROUBLE-SHOOTER

Up and away in the hush of the morning,
Speeding through lanes where the wild throstle sings,
Riding, oh, riding straight into the dawning,
Searching the way for the war's muted strings.

Calls from the seaboard and calls from the mountains,
Answer far calls, or are stricken and fail;
Leap from the trenches, and back, over fountains
Born where the death spirits bubble and wail.

Guns from the dugouts and guns from the ridges
Pour out their hate, till the shrapnel, like rain,
Quenches the faltering wires, and our bridges
Lift up as live things, and sink back again.

Plu...ging, then crawling, one man in the twilight,
Armed with his pliers and armored with hope,
Gains a far post where one fast fading highlight
Gleams on his spurs as he casts up his rope.

Calls from the trenches! The fuses that sputtered
Yonder behind him have quivered and died;
Yet in the darkness the cry that was uttered
Must not be silenced—the thing must be tried!

Enemy star-shells! Their scattering splendor
Tells its white tale, while the man yonder clings
Like a dead thing, lest this Hate-god, the Spender,
Fling one more heart to the Ashes-of Things.

Chip-clink of pliers and straightening of leader,
'Lone in the darkness, while fighting men wait.
(Four thousand miles to the West, as decreed her,
One woman prays and is laughed at by Fate.)

Finished the task, and the wires, in the starlight,
Answer again—but a swift bullet wrings
Breath from its mark, and a soul through the far light
Speeds to the West, and the Sweetness of Things.

Up and away, ere the hush of the morning,
Speeding past lanes where the wild throstle sings,
Straight to the West to await a new dawning,
Searching the way for the war's muted strings.

Corp. Walter E. Mair, S.C.

LIAISON

I've got a pal in the doughboys—
Says the Artillery barrage rocket guard—
And every night as I watch my post,
My thoughts go out to my pard.

He's out there in the front line,
I'm back here with the guns;
We are both linked together by fireworks
In the effort to lick those Huns.

I picture him there in the trenches,
Peering out into No Man's Land,
Ready to shoot up a red socket,
Which means we're to lend him a hand.

And when that rocket shoots skyward
To warn of approaching Hun,
That's my cue, and I yell to the gunners:
"Barrage!—Sector One Sixty One!"

And then the battle opens up
With a withering curtain of fire,
Stopping the Boches in No Man's Land,
Or stringing them dead on the wire.

When our barrage has been lifted,
Word comes back from the Infantry:
"Raid repulsedyou sure did it that time,
And we thank you, Artillery!"

Then my mind sees my pal in the doughboy,
Offering up a thankful prayer,
And stretching his hand back towards me,
Saying, "Thanks, Bill—shake—put it there!"

And so we on the line all are learning
That the biggest thing in this strife
Is Co-Operation; and my pal and I
Both know it's the keynote of life.

Joe Connolly, Pvt., F.A.

I DID NOT KNOW—

Dawn, with a rose tint in the sky—
Over the top we went in silence—
No shell announced our coming nigh—
And through the lines of the drowsy Hun,
Who wakened in our rear.

We fought till setting sun,
And still fought on—yon snorting gun
Must be our souvenir—
We did not falter. Then darkness fell.

The night came on so quick. My God—
I thought of you, my dear,
You seemed so very near,
I spoke to you.

How strange a place! I did not know—
The nurse just smiled, and whispered low,
"In spirit she is here."

William Gilligan.

THOSE LUCKY BOYS IN PARIS

Here with General Pershing's army, scattered
broadcast over France,
There's a thought with every soldier, from the
line way down to Nantes;
Though he's fighting like the devil or he's off
upon a spree,
He's lookin' for permission to go visitin' Paree.

He's heard so much about it that it seems a
Mystery Town,
With Fairies on the Boulevards, and Angels all
around,
And statues all so beautiful, the ancient River
Seine,
And yet he's not allowed to go—it's certainly a
shame.

He's asked the C.O. often, and his record's
white as chalk,
But a G.O., not the C.O., is the thing his wishes
balks.
For our noble General Pershing—strength unto
his mighty arm—
Doesn't want the boys in Paris—rather keep
them out of harm.

So our lads must go on mourning, though hard
the luck may seem,
And to ease their mental torment, let them
ponder on this theme—
Certain men must be in Paris, there is work
there to be done,
And their hearts are full of envy for the fellow
with the gun.

The maidens are quite pretty; there are lots of
things to see,
But that will never satisfy the boys in Gay
Paree;
They all want to get in action—just to feel
they're helpin' some
In this concentrated effort to annihilate the
Hun.

So care not where your job may be, just do
your level best,
And let the man above you sit and figure out
the rest,
And if when placed up on the line, you'd much
prefer Paree,
Just don't forget that Paris bunch—they'll
swap, if you'll agree.

H. J. Watson, M.E., — Engrs.

THE JUDGMENT

ANGEL

Who comes all robed in white,
His wounds ablaze with light,
The fresh blood oozing through
Like poppies drenched with dew?

SOUL

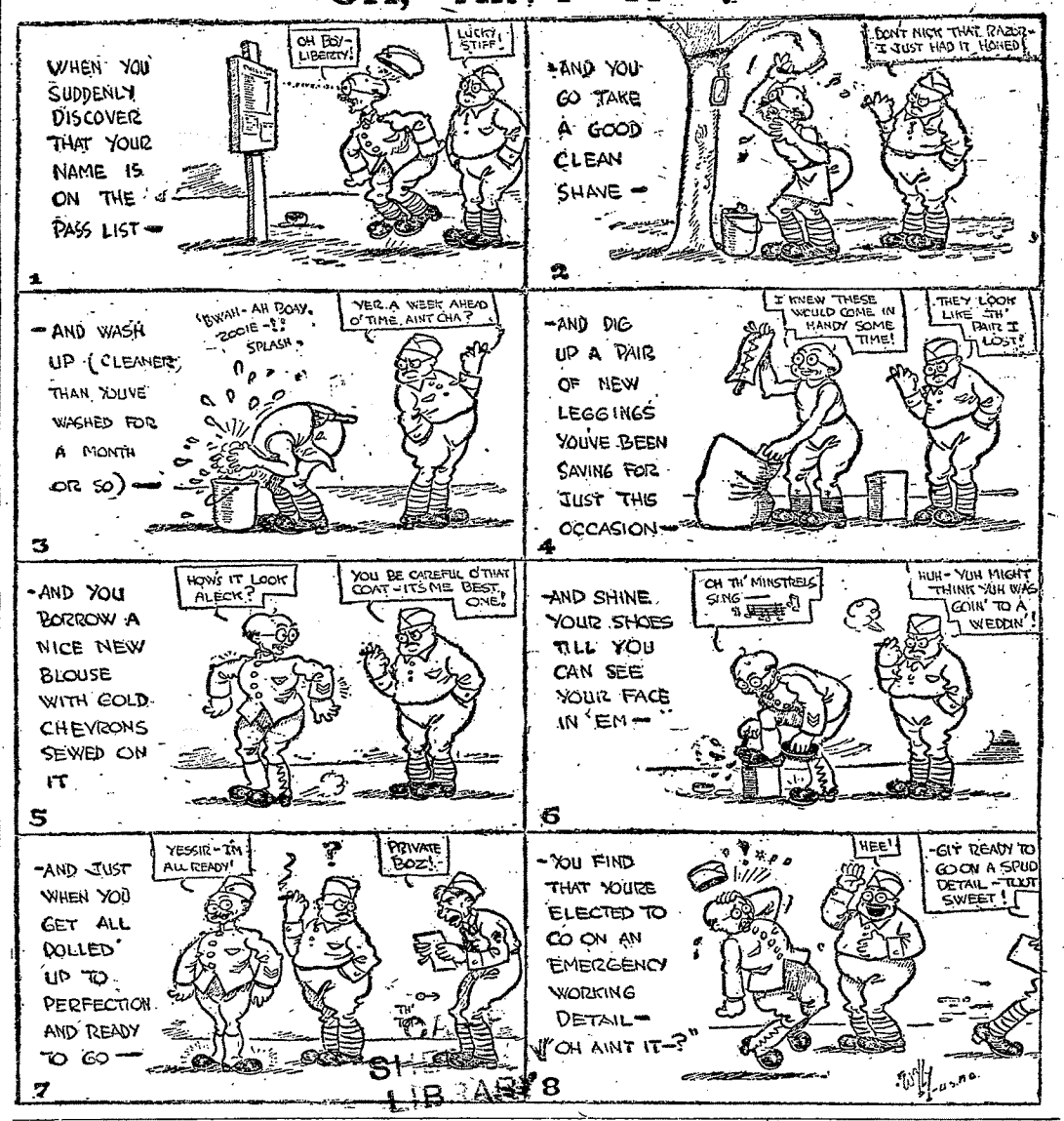
'Tis I, Archangel bright.
These marks are from the fight.
Abashed, I seek a clew;
I know not what to do.

CHRIST

Sit thou upon my right,
Till Heaven see the sight,
How I repay my due
To warriors such as you.

Chaplain Thomas F. Coakley.

OH, AIN'T IT—?



MY BILLET

This old house, shell-torn and wrecked, still stands complacent, undisturbed, in the midst of this little, desolate French village, like some nice old lady who, knowing she is no longer for this earth, has already started to live in the future, and regards this life with a sort of impersonal interest, as a thing apart.

They may have ruined the body; but they have not touched the soul! and this old house has a soul. I picture, in looking back over its past, the lives that have come in under this roof, the lives that have been lived there, and the lives that have gone out; the days of toil, the Sundays of peace, the happiness and the sorrow; all have seasoned into this old house during the centuries and have become its soul.

The old cupboard, carved with angel heads and other fancies, and probably the wedding present of a hundred and more years back, still rests, looking rebukingly down on the rats running about the floor, large vicious rats, fat and sleek, well fed in this desolation. Its shelves are no more in their place; they may have served as firewood to warm the chilled bodies of the poilus who before had defended this village; but I don't think she'd mind.

The first communion certificate of Yvonne, dated 1908, the only thing left hanging on the wall, in its cracked frame, brings back the children's voices. I have arranged my handful of straw which I call bed just beneath it. It seems so homelike and safe when I lie down there during the day and listen as the shells whistle overhead after my night of guard, and it makes me dream of my real home. I look at it each time I start for my place down in the line, and wonder if I shall ever return; or, if I do return, if there will be an ugly hole where once it rested.

When the Boche broke through our line, I stood at the door of that old, old house, my billet, and fought like a madman to keep him back, to keep the wolf from the door, to keep his sacrilegeous hands from desecrating this sanctuary—my home, and it is my home, for there I keep my straw and whatever else I own in life, and I fought as any man will fight to protect his home. We beat him back.

When I come up each morning the old house greets me like an old mother, and seems pleased to know I'm here and safe. I don't know who Yvonne is, but I'm sure she would be happy, and her mother, and father, if he lives, would be happy, to know we are here in spite of the shelling and the desolation and ruin, and that we call it home, and that we water the little rose bush that still clings close to that part of the wall which remains, as though seeking protection.

And when we have won the victory, and I am sitting by the fireside back home, with my children on my knee, I know that I'll often think of my other home, my billet, and they'll always be glad to have me tell them the story of how we fought to protect it, and they'll want to know all about Yvonne; and I'll tell them the stories the old house told to me.

Sgt. Frank C. McCarthy.
Aero Squadron.—
Loraine.
June 19, 1918.

FROM A SCHOOLBOY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I betcha you've been wondering where I've been. Well, I've been at the Army Candidates School. After you've been there a while, you wonder how a fellow could be so ignorant and still live. There are a lot of reformed sergeants and things going around here with dazed looks on their bronzed maps.

But, my dear, I must tell you of our invasion of the world of art. It is so wonderful. Really, my dear, it must be seen to be appreciated. We have just put some lovely crêpe de chine over those old bare windows and we have draped our horrid old gun racks with some charming tapestry. Such a change! We are getting up a petition with a view to having knitting added to the curriculum.

Some of the boys wept softly, others merely got drunk, when we read about the plans to provide us with a little loose change regardless of the location of our service records. Undoubtedly you have heard of the latest reason the paymaster advances for not helping us get our laundry out of ransom. Anyway, it's great to be a candidate. Try it for yourself sometime.

This being summer, I trust you will forgive me for mentioning that several American ladies have been in our town lately. My kingdom for a Sam Browne.

Well, I'll write again some other day, if the censor lets this one by.

Murray E. Crain, Sgt., A.C.S., A.E.F.

THE TRAVELS OF A BUCK

A JOURNEY DIRECTED BY A GOOD MANY PEOPLE

ONCE upon a time there was a doughboy. There have been, of course, off and on, quite a number of doughboys, and in order that nobody's feelings shall be hurt, it is necessary to specify that this doughboy might have been any doughboy.

But for the purpose of this story, he has got to be a doughboy who wears socks. With that much cleared up, everything is now all set to continue without hurting anybody's feelings.

The doughboy was going up to the line in heavy marching order that was growing heavier every minute. He began to limp. Then he began to hop on one foot. And then he fell down and stayed there.

"What you got now?" asked the sergeant.

"Hole in sock—blister on heel," explained the doughboy.

"Um," said the sergeant. "Have to see the supply sergeant about that."

"I didn't knit his socks," said the supply sergeant. "Don't blame me. Let him take 'em off and send them back where they came from."

About now the doughboy drops out of the story. Of course, the regiment went into line without him, two hundred and seventeen German divisions got through the hole that was left, and the war was lost. But all that has nothing to do with this story.

The socks went back where they came from. And the Buck went with them.

The first place they reached was the regimental supply officer. He opened them, and out hopped the Buck.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I," said the Buck, "am the Buck."

"Buck private?" asked the regimental supply officer.

"No," said the Buck. "Just plain Buck. The one they pass."

"Socks may come and socks may go, but Bucks go on forever," said the regimental supply officer, manhandling Tennyson.

So the socks and Buck went on to the divisional supply officer.

The divisional supply officer was trying to solve the following mathematical problem: If a division advances four hundred and thirty-six kilometers a day, and the supply trains three hundred and ninety kilometers a day, in how many days will the supply trains overtake the division?

This worried him so much that he just waved his hand in the general direction of anybody in the Q. M. Corps.

It is old time Army stuff when in doubt to pass any Buck along to the Q. M. Corps.

So the Buck went away from there.

In time he reached a Q. M. office.

"They told me," he began, "to ——"

But the socks were already under the microscope.

"There's a hole in one of them," said whoever was presiding into the microscope.

"Yes," said the Buck. "That's why they sent me here. You see—"

"But there is a hole in them," said the man at the microscope. "I saw it there, and that proves it. These socks have got to go back to the manufacturer, and I find that the manufacturer is Holey, Sox & Co., Contract No 845784928567, Windville-on-the-Lake, Ill."

So there was nothing for it but to get aboard an empty transport, and go without smoking for a few nights, and get on a train at New York, and get sidetracked for a few days while a whole lot of freights full of Army supplies, including more socks, had the right of way (as they certainly deserved to have), and get off at Windville-on-the-Lake.

"I want to see Mr. Holey," said the Buck.

"Mr. Holey is out buying wool," said the office boy, only, of course, it was an office girl this time. "Will Mr. Sox do?"

"Um," said Mr. Sox. "The man who inspected these—it was Inspector No. 478571984-756, you will notice—is unfortunately now in France."

"Good Lord!" said the Buck. "Have I got to go 'way back to France?"

"You really ought to," said Mr. Sox. "but I'll try to fix it up over here. Of course, Sheep, Lamb & Co., are really to blame. We buy our wool from them."

So the Buck went to see Sheep, Lamb & Co.

"A very inferior grade," said Mr. Lamb. "The Triple-Z Ranch out in Wyoming—you see, a lot of our wool comes from there—certainly worked the Double Cross that time. I'd advise you to see them."

So the Buck went out to Wyoming.

"Ah-ha!" said the proprietor of the Triple-Z Ranch. "Guzwumpus has been at it again!"

"Who," said the Buck, "if I might ask, is Guzwumpus?"

"He," said the Big Man of the Triple-Z, "is our leading sheep. I advise you to go and argue it out with him."

So the Buck went out to see Guzwumpus.

Guzwumpus was a vicious old ram that needed a bath.

"Ba-a-a-a-a!" he said, and ate the socks. And the Buck lay down and went to sleep. For he had found a home at last.

REMEMBER THE DATE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Chevrons! Suppose you have heard about enough on this subject, but here is one.

I left the States in January, 1917, to serve in the British military hospitals. Shortly after I arrived I was commissioned in the British R.A.M.C. and did not transfer to the American service until December, 1917, when I accepted my U. S. commission. Now when do my service chevrons date from, (1) the date I entered the British service, (2) the date America declared war (3) or the date of my commission?

As far as I can make out, it's the date of my commission, but I have known of an ambulance man wearing four service chevrons and I can not quite figure it out. Of course, I am entitled to a British service chevron, but can not wear that on my American uniform.

It kind of peeves me to see men wearing two chevrons when I was in the game so far ahead and yet I can wear only one, according to my calculations. I think we should have something to show for our time. Do you?

Before the Rush.

[Your eligibility to the American service chevron dates from December, 1917. The ambulance man who is wearing four is out a mile. Not a single person on this blessed earth, even if he began to fight the Germans in the Crusades and has been doing it ever since, has the right to compute towards his chevron any time served before April 6, 1917. This means, at present, that any man wearing more than two chevrons is making as ridiculous a show of himself as if he had bought a Distinguished Service Cross and pinned it on his blouse.—Editor.]

JUST A LITTLE GIRL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Some time in April I had occasion as chaplain of the — Ammunition Train to send a letter to each home represented in my unit. I sent greetings to each home and suggested that only the most cheerful news be sent to the men in the service; there was included a beneficiary insurance paper also. There have come to me many interesting replies along with their enquiries concerning the men of the organization. You may be interested in the following letter, which I received recently, as showing the spirit of many of our people in the States.

Towner, N. Dak.,
May 8, 1918.

W. C. Cowart,
Dear Friend:

Want to thank you for the beneficiary paper received from you of my brother Paul. I am a little girl eleven years of age and have knit three washcloths and five pairs of socks for the Red Cross to help the soldiers.

I am glad to have a brother that is a soldier and can help his country. I had one foot cut off with a mowing machine when I was four years old. I go to school every day and will finish the fourth grade this month.

I will do all I can to help my country. We have a Thrift Stamp club in our school. We have to earn 25 cents a week and buy one stamp each week.

Some children are planting potatoes and raising chickens.

Hope my brother Paul will be as happy in his work as I am.

Yours for service,
Emma Hazel Barringer.

If you wish to use this very well, if not no harm done. I have not asked for permission to print it. You know better about that than I do.

W. C. Cowart, Chaplain.